

THE ARGUS.

Published daily at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. (Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.)

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS—Ten cents per week by carrier, in Rock Island; \$3 per year by mail in advance.

Complaints of delivery service should be made to the circulation department, which should also be notified in every instance where it is desired to have paper discontinued, as carriers have no authority in the premises.

All communications of argumentative character, political or religious, must have real name attached for publication. No such articles will be printed over fictitious signatures.

Telephones in all departments. Central Union, Rock Island 145, 146 and 2146.



Saturday, July 4, 1914.

"Vrooman comes out with boom," says a newspaper heading. Ought to make a hit with the Fourth of July crowd.

There are a number of grounds on which the Danville postmaster was justified in refusing to accept that 8-year-old boy as a parcel post consignee. If the lad was of the average type, ten to one he was spoiled.

The death of the two moving picture actors by drowning in the Arkansas river in Colorado was not entirely in vain, for it proved that at least on one occasion there was considerable water actually flowing in the stream in midsummer.

English suffragists may be able to extract a crumb of comfort in the fact that female detectives have been employed to keep them from committing outrages in the house of commons. Surely, this is to be construed as a recognition of the ability of the sex in a field heretofore generally conceded to man.

With one wing of the opposition declaring that the farmer has had no show in the present administration and another proclaiming that the business interests have been disregarded and all the important laws passed by the present congress framed by farmers, it looks as though President Wilson may be amply vindicated by his enemies.

A glance at the new Evansville as shown in the midsummer number of the Evansville Courier is interesting. Evansville is not only growing materially with great new industries, banks, wholesale houses, hotels and apartment houses, but beautiful residences, churches and clubs shows that the city is blossoming in architectural beauty. This midsummer number reflects credit on the Courier, a newspaper that, as much as any other factor, is putting Evansville on the map.

Charles D. Hilles and Senator Boies Penrose, the old guard boss of Pennsylvania, held a conference in New York the other day. You may not place Hilles; he was the chairman of the republican national committee who managed Taft's campaign in 1912. After the conference Hilles issued an interview saying this is "a republican year and a nation-wide party victory in November is practically certain." A look back into the files shows that is just the same old interview Hilles issued every day during the 1912 campaign. And is it significant of a great republican reform that Hilles' partner in his first important conference of 1914 was Penrose, the pal of Hanna, Matt Quay, Tom Platt, Crane, Hale, Gallinger and all the others of the old regime?

THE FIRE CHIEF'S AUTO.

The city commission heeded the wishes of the people and decided to purchase a roadster instead of a touring car for the chief of the fire department. Now it is to be hoped that the wishes of automobile agents may be successfully resisted and a good, durable car of some standard make with power enough for all emergencies and sufficiently strong to stand the knocks may be secured whether such a one happens to be on the bargain counter or not. It should be equipped for the specific purpose to which it is to be put, and painted to conform to the general style of the vehicles of the department as the chief's buggy now in use is. And, by the way, the gong and possibly some of the other equipment on the buggy might be used on the auto.

SELF CONSTITUTED "COMMITTEES OF ONE."

Business men in Illinois, according to a Chicago dispatch, have formed themselves into a "committee of one" to work for the defeat of President Wilson's program by beating democratic congressmen running for reelection at the polls next fall. Congressman Martin B. Madden of Chicago is credited with having made public the program. These men, Madden says, are putting in their time working among their friends.

Supporters of Congressman Clyde H. Tavenner in this district may be expected to be approached by members of this same self-constituted "committee of one" before the campaign is ended and their device may be taken for what it is worth.

In voicing his wall Congressman Madden said: "Everything is being conducted for the farmer, while the

city dwellers who are in business are asked to study psychology and imagine their business is flourishing."

Of course, Mr. Madden was talking for city consumption when he said that. He is a city man. Out in the country politicians of the same school are busily engaged in telling the farmers that the democrats have skinned them out of their eye teeth. The intelligent reader will draw his own conclusion.

STEEL MAKERS OPTIMISTIC.

It is evident that the steel makers, although naturally high protectionists, do not share the fear of business calamity and panic which republican party leaders are endeavoring to make an issue in the coming campaign.

Recently there was a conference of prominent men in the steel industry in New York, and here are some of the expressions which they made regarding the business situation:

"I have backed up my judgment that trade is on the mend, that September will see the beginning of substantial trade expansion, with a purchase of 50,000 tons of basic pig iron in the last few days."—A. F. Houston, president of the Lukens' Iron & Steel company, Conestoga, Pa.

"Pessimistic trade sentiment in the east is the real cause of depression. It is ridiculously absurd, for fundamental conditions are excellent and all the legislation or legislative threats in the world can not overcome that fact. Midsummer or early fall will witness the beginning of a remarkable and inevitable trade expansion."—W. F. Thomas, president of the Briar Hill Steel company, Youngstown, Ohio.

"The United States is bound to prosper. If we are careful of our business and husband our resources, if we have courage and persistence, we will come out all right. I said six months ago that, in my opinion, we were approaching the door of prosperity. Do not get set that we are six months nearer to that door."—Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of board, United States Steel corporation.

GREAT GAINS FROM CANAL.

The principal address at the closing session of the Maryland Bankers' association recently held at Cape May, N. J., was made by O. P. Austin, former government statistician under the administrations of McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, who told of the tremendous advantages to be derived by this country from the construction of the Panama canal. He showed that the total annual world's trade was \$40,000,000,000 a year, that is, that the exports of all nations was \$20,000,000,000 and the imports, of course, of a like amount, and that one-half of this moves on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. He demonstrated that by using the canal from the seaports of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore we would save in miles: To Yokohama, 6,400 miles; to Shanghai, 4,000 miles; to Hongkong, 750 miles; to the Philippines, 500 miles; to Melbourne, 3,500 miles; to Wellington, New Zealand, 6,000 miles, and that American cities were nearer them than London, even by the use of the Suez canal. The western coast of South America was, too, from 3,000 to 6,000 miles nearer than London, which would give us a great trade advantage, but he suggested that drummers must go after the business and it will mean two or three billions more business a year for the United States. He said that in coal alone we now export \$100,000,000 worth a year, while we bring back the amount in value of raw silks from Japan.

PUTTING STATE ON BUSINESS BASIS.

The efficiency and economy committee of the state will hold public meetings at the state capitol on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

The primary purpose of the meetings will be the discussion of plans under consideration by the committee for the reorganization and consolidation of the executive department of the state government.

It is proposed to consolidate the management of the penitentiaries and reformatories, a plan for reorganization of the educational institutions will be discussed, and the state authorities relating to labor and mining, if time permits, will be considered.

The preliminary report of this efficiency committee indicates that there is much to be done in the improvement of the several branches of our state government. The committee found, to use its own words, "a condition of disorganization and confusion in more than a hundred separate state offices, boards and commissions, duplication of positions, overlapping of duties, lack of co-operation and harmony and absence of efficiency and supervision, all producing inefficiency and waste. The governor is burdened with unnecessary detail; while neither the governor, the general assembly nor the public have adequate information or means for exercising control over the state service."

The committee proposes to reorganize the numerous offices into about a dozen executive departments under officials appointed by the governor with the view to securing greater economy and efficiency.

Undoubtedly, says the Springfield News, there will be many who will criticize the findings of the committee, particularly the politicians, who will feel that the recommendations of the committee will be to materially reduce the number of officeholders in the state, and undoubtedly, such reduction will follow, if the recommendations of the committee are accepted.

That there is a tremendous amount of lost motion in the transaction of the business of the state, is evident to everybody, and any step that is taken to raise the percentage of efficiency of the state's public servants and to lessen the cost of operation of the big official plant of the state should be given every encouragement.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, July 2.—In previous letters I described the soft snaps being enjoyed by the armor ring, the ammunition ring and the shipbuilding trust.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Let us now take up the navy league of the United States, that busy little lobby of the war trust. Ever since I have been a member of congress the navy league has been reminding me that the navy should be more powerful and more powerful and still more powerful. It occurred to me one day it would be interesting to know whether the navy league had any particular preference between "a more powerful navy" to be built by the government at actual cost in a government shipyard with armor made in a government armor factory, and "a more powerful navy" to be built by private contractors with huge profits to the armor, ammunition and shipbuilding trusts.

I put the question directly to the league in a letter addressed to A. H. Dammun, its secretary, on Jan. 16 last, of which the following is an excerpt:

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 13th instant, together with inclosures as to why a powerful navy is needed."

"Assuming that you are in good faith in this agitation and really desire the largest possible navy for patriotic reasons, I am going to take the liberty of suggesting to you that if you will inaugurate a movement for the government manufacture of all munitions of war, including all battleships, your campaign will strike a much more responsive chord with both members of congress and the people."

"In other words, if the government is

to do all of the manufacturing of munitions of war, including battleships, the point can not then be successfully raised that the agitation is for the benefit of the armor ring, the ammunition ring and the shipbuilding trust.

"But if you do not advocate the government manufacture of all munitions of war, including battleships, you cannot successfully deny that you are carrying on a propaganda which means millions and millions of dollars of extortionate profits to the above-mentioned interests."

I hardly expect the reader to fall out of his chair in amazement when I report that the navy league has not accepted my suggestion. Should the government adopt the policy of manufacturing all its munitions of war, I predict that the navy league would not only lock the doors of its elegantly appointed suite in the national capital, but that the same rich patriots who are now clamoring for a bigger and bigger navy in the certain knowledge that if their agitation is successful they will draw down contracts worth millions, will be the loudest in their protestations against an annual expenditure of \$250,000,000 in time of peace.

I desire now to present some information as to who is behind the navy league.

J. Pierpont Morgan was until the time of his death one of the directors, and a liberal contributor. Herbert L. Satterlee, general counsel for the league, is a son-in-law and heir of Mr. Morgan.

General Horace Porter is president of the league. He was for many years an officer of the Pullman company, a Morgan corporation.

Charles G. Glover is treasurer of the league. He is president of the Riggs National bank, which is closer to Wall street than any other bank in Washington.

Colonel Robert L. Thompson is chairman of the executive committee of the league. He is an eminent financier of the Morgan group. He is also the head—being chairman of the board—of the International Nickel company, and holds the honorable post of president of the New York Metal exchange, and other directors are similarly connected.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

The gigantic Colossus of Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world. It was erected in honor of the sun by Chares of Lindus, a disciple of Lysippus, and was thrown down by an earthquake about 224 B. C. The figure stood upon two moles, a leg extended on each side of the harbor. A winding staircase led to the top of the figure, from out of the eyes of which were visible the coast of Syria and the ships sailing on the coast of Egypt. The colossi were the peculiar characteristic of eastern art and were of common occurrence, many of them being over 60 feet in height. The most celebrated statue of Memnon, on the plain of Thebes, described by the historian Strabo.

the channel you know that it is market day in that town and the farmers are rolling home in agreeable inebriation."

Where the Road is Water.

Writing of a tour of Holland, Arnold Bennett in the Century says:

"After a few weeks I began to perceive that Schiedam and similar places, though thrilling, were not the whole of Holland and perhaps not the most representative of Holland. As the yacht worked northward Holland seemed to grow more Dutch until in the chain of shallow lakes and canals that hold Friesland in a sort of permanent baptism we came to what was for me the ideal of celestial Holland—everything done by water, even grass cut under water, and black and white cows milked in the midst of ponds and windmills over the eternal flatness used exclusively to shift inconvenient water from one level to another. The road is water in Friesland, and all the world is on the road. If your approach to a town is made perilous by a succession of barges that will obstinately keep the middle of

ple in general are taking a hand; we mean to run the government for a while and see what we can accomplish for health. Our first great reform will be a secretary of health in the president's cabinet. That will give our platform—better health—the dignity that it deserves. We maintain that health is no less important than agriculture, commerce, money, labor, state or war. Are you with us, or do you stand with the quacks, the nostrum makers, the 'antls' and those who would remedy disease, crime and pauperism by absent treatment?"

Questions and Answers.

R. E. asks: I am a house painter by trade. Do you think the inhalation of turpentine, oil, lead, varnish, etc., is harmful to the general health?

Reply. Yes, if you are inhaling such things. But the mere fact that you are a painter doesn't prove you are a lead. The only poison you need consider, and that enters principally through the skin of your hands. Gloves, gasoline, care, cleanliness and frequent scrubbing with soap and water will prevent injury to your health.

F. L. A. asks: Can a child of 4 years have typhoid fever?

Reply. Yes. Typhoid is impartial to its victims.

Book-keeper writes: Why is rheumatism so apt to affect the heart? Is there any way for one subject to rheumatism to prevent heart disease?

Reply. "Rheumatism" is an infection of the blood. The germs lodge on the heart valves or the lining of the heart, and set up acute or chronic inflammation. Outside of proper medical treatment for the infection which you call "rheumatism," the only suggestion I can give you as a prevention of heart trouble is, live right.

Dr. Brady will answer all questions pertaining to health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Brady will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address all letters to Dr. William Brady, care of The Argus, Rock Island, Ill.

The ONLOOKER
BY HENRY HOWLAND
HOW TO WIN
HER LOVE

A lady who writes essays for a New York newspaper says for the benefit of the man who wishes to make a woman care for him: "Critique her taste in dress. This will prove to her that you are interested in her appearance."



If you long to make her love you tell her that her hat looks cheap; If she thinks but little of you you can make her pulses leap by disingenuously declaring: Pink to be her proper hue; Or if pink is what she's wearing tell her she should dress in blue. Tell her that it makes you groggy; To behold her homely waist; Gently hint that she looks slouchy.

And appears devoid of taste; She may seem to hear you sadly, She may simulate a huff, But she'll learn to love you madly If you criticize enough.

Say her toes are mislabeled; Tell her that her stockings sag; Let it candidly be stated That her coat hangs like a bag; To some quiet corner take her And there criticize her skirt; If it is your wish to make her Love so hard her heart will hurt.

No Change, Indeed!

"But," said the man who had gone back to the little, old town, after many years, "the change has not been as great as I expected it would be. Things look very much as they did when I went away."

"No change," exclaimed the old inhabitant, "gosh, I should say there had been a change! My, just look around you. Over there where Hammond's livery used to be we've got a two-story bank building; Squire Harvey's built an office onto the side of his house; Mrs. Watson's had two new buildin's put up inside of four years, and hain't you noticed that there's an extra wing on the hotel that wasn't there when you went away? No change! Why, say, this is the metropolis of Kent township now!"

Just Enough.

"I never could use money with a clear conscience," said Mrs. Goodsole, "that had been made in stocks. I never could forget that somebody else had lost it."

"That being the case," replied her husband, "I guess I'll give to some charity the \$300 I made today."

"Oh, Charley! Did you, really? That with the \$300 I have saved will be just enough to pay for the European trip that I've been dreaming of for years."

OBLIGING.

"Here," said the customer, "is a shoe button that I found in the salad."

"Well," replied the proprietor of cheap restaurant, "why do you want to tell me about it?"

"I merely wished to let you know that I seemed to have proof that there was something more than old rubber in the stuff."

A Little Word.

How much a little word can mean! It may bring gladness or despair; Her heart was glad, her soul serene, When he referred to her as "fair."

With sorrow's traces on her brow, Few joys are left for her to share, The world, once bright, is dim and now, Because he calls her "pretty fair."

His Faith.

"Remember," said the preacher, "that it will be as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Oh," replied the great magnate, "I guess my lawyer will be able to get me through on a technicality."

Caught.

"Would you," he asked, "propose to a man if you were convinced that he loved you and was afraid to say so?"

"Ah," replied Miss Waitlong, "how clever you are! Who else would ever have thought of letting me know in such an original way that he wanted me for his own?"

No Danger.

"Are you sure this horse will not run away?" asked the man who was getting into the buggy.

"Yep," replied the livery stable keeper, "there ain't the least danger that he'll run away, but he may trot some comin' back."

Not What She Would Call It.

"How well Mrs. Tripley bears her troubles. I declare, she looks as fresh and fair as a young girl, yet she has buried two husbands."

"You don't call burying two husbands trouble, do you?" replied Mrs. Hennepek.

Valuable Services.

"I have indeed done a service," the orator declared, "I have given the people cause to think."

"That was something at least."

"Yes, oh, yes. But I have done a further service. I have told them just how to think."—Buffalo Express.

The Daily Story

The Undoing of Mrs. Rastus—By Edwin Fairfax Naulty.

Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Bureau.

I am not writing a tract, so you must find your own moral to this tale. Lombard street has passed upon it and the verdict—but this is how it happened:

A fire had eaten up half a lumber yard in that mysterious section of Philadelphia called "downtown."

When the city editor of the Globe reached his office at 1 o'clock, the first thing he did was to assign Watson to cover the fire.

He told Watson to take along a photographer and to have his copy in early.

Watson went down to the art room and got Pierce. The Globe had just bought a new triplicate action camera with about a dozen improvements, and this Pierce took with him.

Fifteen minutes later the men were at the fire, and Pierce had taken three exposures. That left him one plate.

He arranged to meet Watson in half an hour two squares away.

Watson has nothing more to do with this story, so it does not matter whether he kept his appointment or not.

Pierce amused himself on the corner watching the passersby for awhile, but he soon tired of that and fell to speculating on the result of his exhibition of prints at the next showing of the Photograph club.

Suddenly he heard that peculiar clicking noise made by some persons when they are confronted with something out of the ordinary.

He turned round and saw standing on the corner Mrs. Rastus.

On her head was poised the basket in which she had brought some washing to a family who lived near by. On either side of the basket were placed her uplifted hands supporting it.

Her face, black as graphite, shone with a dozen emotions as she looked

down the street to where the fire was thrusting great swords of flame to the sky only to sheathe them the next moment in twisting scabbards of rolling smoke.

Pierce looked at her, and in a moment came his inspiration.

Mrs. Rastus, spellbound at the sight before her, did not notice the big black box being swung into position, nor did she hear the click the shutter made or the satisfied sigh of security vented by Pierce.

Pierce hesitated a moment, his right hand fingering the change pocket of his coat. Evidently he thought better of his intention, for he suddenly boarded a trolley car which came by at the moment.

Next morning the Globe had the best pictures of the fire printed by any newspaper. The managing editor, looking at the half tones, thought that, after all, the head of the art department was wise in insisting on the purchase of the new camera.

So did Pierce in his own little dark room at his home as he carefully developed a negative of the Photograph club was a great success. Camera mad enthusiasts raved over it.

But they exhausted all their superlatives in adjectival praise of the single exhibit made by J. Coolidge Pierce. It was a remarkable photograph and was quite the feature of the exhibition. On its dead black frame was the single word "Voodoo."

The face of the negroess was a study. She stood with uplifted hands as if invoking all the terrors of the nether kingdom, and on her face was an expression that was as mysterious as the subject.

Then Pierce would smile in a knowing way. He did not think it necessary to explain nor to tell how his skillful manipulation of the negative had eliminated the laundry basket.

The owner of a store on Chestnut street in an idle moment wandered into the show of the Photograph club. The picture laid its spell on him, as it had done on others.

Three days afterward Pierce bought a new wide angle lens he had hankered after for a year. He also deposited \$40 in the care of the receiving teller of a bank that accepted small accounts.

Pierce was a New Englander and combined thrift with the pursuit of art.

The Chestnut street merchant put the "Voodoo" in a six inch wide silver frame. One of his two windows he draped in black velvet, and at the end of a long perspective he placed the picture.

This was done at night. The next morning the curious ones almost blocked the pave.

The clerks told inquirers that the picture was not for sale at any price. The merchant, who also combined thrift with art, reaped the benefit of a huge advertisement which he had figured on.

Two nights later Alcibiades Paige of Lombard street took a stroll on Chestnut street.

Alcibiades had "belonged" to the Paiges of Virginia. He tolerated the shortening of his first name into Al, but the omission of the letter "i" in his last one excited his ire.

He was the philosopher and general oracle of Lombard street and it was whispered knew something about "black art."

If the "Voodoo" was impressive by day she was doubly so at night. She burst on the amazed vision of Alcibiades with a dramatic surprise that brought him to a sudden halt.

For fifteen minutes he never moved. Then he wrenched himself away and went to Lombard street.

His interview with Mrs. Rastus was not a satisfactory one. Finally he prevailed on her to go with him to Chestnut street.

As she showed a shawl about her head Rastus, lying asleep on the lounge, stirred and drowsily asked: "Whah yo' gwine, Lisa?"

"Jes' gwine ter th' stob."

Mrs. Paige brought all his art to bear on Mrs. Rastus on the way to Chestnut street, but she was obdurate. She would neither deny nor affirm.

Eventually he confronted her with the picture. The expression of her face when she saw the photograph was convincing to Alcibiades.

The original and the counterfeited at each other with equal look. Alcibiades' peroration was conclusive. Said he:

"Thah ain't no use en denyin' et. Thah yo' be. Ef et wah a painted phter Eh mought hev mah doubts. But this yer's a photograh, an' they doan' lie."

Suddenly a great light broke on Mrs. Rastus. She had hard work to keep it to herself, but she did.

Two days later Lombard street was astonished to find that the sign "Washing DoNe Here" had disappeared from the front of Mrs. Rastus' house and that it was replaced by a staring yellow one bearing the inscription:

"Mme. Jones, Voodoo."

Rastus was even more astonished than the neighbors.

His wife informed him in decisive manner that she had done with washing. He threatened, he raved, he expostulated, but to the black Gibraltar sitting in state in the "parlor," which she had draped with black alpaca, his words were as the idle wind.

Rastus stood it for four days, then he got a "job" at the salt works, the first he had taken in seven years. Also he went to board with a neighbor.

Lombard street first looked with awe on the sign. But, after a few days, an adventurous woman, driven to desperate courage by the scorn of a mulatto longshoreman, called on Mme. Jones. A week later she and the longshoreman were married.

But, though the sign still blazons its yellow tidings to the public, Mme. Jones is in a bad way. The longshoreman's wife is an ardent disciple, yet Mme. Jones failed to cure Pete Blunkin's broken leg, and she had to go to the hospital. Minnie Hunt's husband died of pneumonia in summer, despite the fact that she paid six silver dollars to the "Voodoo" for his recovery.

Sim Wilson was arrested for playing policy. He had paid \$10 to Mme. Jones, but the police seemed unaware of that fact and haled him off just the same.

Mme. Jones "voodoed" seven candles. Nevertheless one of the Wilson twins died from the measles and the other is partially blind.

Then Lombard street arose in wrath. It did nothing severe. It simply refused to have anything further to do with Mme. Jones. And it talked about her.